BOMBAY COURIER.

Published every Saturday and Tuesday Morning.

VOL. XLI. NUMBER 2087.] TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1831. [PRICE RS. 13 PER QUARTER.

FRESH CHINA GOODS.

FRITH BOMANJEE & CO.—have just received a small supply of the above by the Golconda comprizing,

Splendid Large Sized Japan Cabinet Wardrobes, very richly Carved Ivory Chess and Backgammon men in elegant Japan Cabinets, with Chess Board, Ladies Work Tables, Card and Work Boxes, neat Cheroot Boxes of Lacquer'd ware lined with lead, Joss Stick Boats, large round Waiters, Handsomely carved Ivory Baskets, Card Racks, Knitting cases, Visiting card cases, Fans, Mother of Pearl Card Counters, Whist Counters in Boxes, Needle cases, Parasol Sticks, Indian Ink, White and Grey feather Fans, Camphor wood Trunks, beautifully finished with stands, Bamboo Chairs, Broad brimmed Shooting Hats, Sets of White Copper Dish Covers, Silver Fillagree Buttons, Gold Studs, Gold Bangles, Silk and Straw Hand Punkahs, Silver embossed Cheroot Cases, small silver Hookahs for Cheroots, Tortoise shell Ladies Combs, Gauze (or Palanquin) Caps, and a small batch of superior Pouchong and Pekoe Tea.—They have also received a few Thousand Genuine Manilla Cigars—which they can strongly recommend as of a superior quality. [209]

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NO XIV. Of the Oriental Sporting Magazine will be published during the 1st week in November, and it is requested that all communications intended for that number be forwarded as early as possible.. [210]

FOR SALE, A few Copies of the English Sporting Magazine, from Nov. 1830 to June 1831. For particulars apply to SHREECRUSTNA JAGONNATHJEE, at the Courier Office. [211]

FOR SALE,

THE Quarterly Army List, corrected up to the 31st July last.

Price, Rupees Three. [212]

FOR SALE.—At the Courier Office,

The Bombay Calendar for 1831,	5	0	0
Indian ditto,	2	2	0
Blank Powers of Attorney,	0	2	0
Ditto Interest Bonds,	0	2	0
Do. Policies,	1	0	0
Do. Bills of Lading, per set,	0	2	0
Do. Respondentia Bonds,	0	2	0
Do. Bills of Exchange, per set,	0	2	0
Plans of the Island,	1	0	0
Traveller's Itinerary,	5	0	0
Insolvent Debtors' Act,	3	0	0

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING, neatly executed on moderate terms. [213]

JUST PUBLISHED,

THE INDIAN CALENDAR for the year 1832 shewing the correlative dates according to the various modes of reckoning time among the HINDOOS, PARSEES, MUSSULMEN and MALABARIANS. Price Rupees Two.

Courier Office, 1st November, 1831. [214]

MILITARY ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.

Captain W. Ward, 15th Regiment N. I. from Poonah.

Captain J. Jopp, Staff from Poonah.

DEPARTURE.

Lieut. W. Harris, Executive Engineers, to Deesa.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCE.

BIRTH,

At Baroda, on the morning of the 25th Instant, the Lady of Captain H. Lyons, 23d Regiment, of a Daughter.

SHIPPING REPORT.

ARRIVALS.

None.

DEPARTURE.

October 29th, American Brig Nerius, John Endicott, Master, to Salem.

Passengers.—Mrs. Garrett, and 2 Children, and one Portuguese Servant.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

FIRST CLASS TRADERS.—Vesper, Lord Amherst Lonach, Royal George, and Tam O'Shanter.

COUNTRY SHIPS.—Byramgore, Golconda, Discovery, and Hormajee Bomanjee.

HON. COMPANY'S *Receiving Ship*—Hastings.

Do. Do. *Steamer*—Hugh Lindsay.

Do. Do. *Schooner*.—Royal Tiger.

Do. Do. *Brig of War*.—Tigris.

Government Yacht—Telica.

PORTUGUESE BRIG.—Aurelia,

BRAZILIAN—Amizade.

FRENCH.—La Cherie.

THE COURIER.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1831.

We observe by the last papers from Madras that the Editorial fraternity there, have been cruelly hoaxed into publishing a report of the Duke of Wellington having taken the field with a large army, and that Sir. E. Codrington was on the point of leaving England with a powerful fleet!!! Some wag at Hyderabad it appears, had spread the report, and is now no doubt enjoying the success of his *ruse*, at the expense of our credulous brethren, who, in future, will probably be more than ever inclined to confine their remarks to the entertainments at St. Thomas's Mount, or the number of guns fired from the saluting battery and Chepauk Palace.

We have been favored with the following extract of a letter written by an Armenian gentleman at Ispahan, dated the 8th of September last. In the absence of any late intelligence, it may prove of some interest, although, it must be remarked, it is almost if not quite impossible that any army belonging to the French, could have gone to the assistance of the Poles (even had they declared themselves in their favor) in so short a time as they must have done to render the following account true.

The report relative to the army at Teflis, and the Ambassadors to the Court of Persia, carries a stronger appearance of probability with it.

"The latest news from the Russian Camp which has reached us, states that the Russians have been thrice defeated by the Polish and French armies. The Emperor of Russia has summoned the army which is at Teflis, together with their Artillery, but the citizens of that place have sent their troops without the Artillery, apprehending that the Persians might again fall upon their Country.—A Russian Ambassador has arrived at the Persian Camp—he is called Baron Knash; two other Ambassadors, one from the Court of Russia, and the other from that of France are also expected, but the objects of their Embassy are not known here. Baron Knash is come to say, that, should the King of Persia be unwilling to march against Kerat, he must send his son, the Prince Abbas Mirza, back to Tabreez. It is also reported that General Yermaloff with fifty thousand men has left the Russian Army and joined the Poles, being offended with the Emperor."

MADRAS.

We believe it is in contemplation, to relieve His Highness the Rajah of Mysore, from the cares and anxieties of his government—Commissioners have been, or are about to be, appointed by the Supreme Government, to settle the Mysore Country. The Rajah, and the various Members of his family, will be handsomely provided for—The stipend to be allowed to him, will probably, exceed the actual amount of his present income—and it is expected that, by good management, the Mysore Revenues will be greatly increased, whilst the interests and the happiness of the People will in general be better provided for than at present. It is said that Colonel Briggs, of the Madras Army, and Mr. C. M. Lushington, of the Madras Civil Service, have been, or will be, appointed to the Mysore Commission—That the Company did not assume the Government of Mysore, at the time, when Seringapatam was taken, has long been a subject of regret, under present circumstances, sound policy and strict justice, not only warrant, but imperatively call for, this exercise of power—Protected by a British Government, we have no doubt, the Mysoreans will prove a peaceable and an industrious race, and the capabilities of their Country, will soon be called into action, on an extended scale—At present a considerable part of this fine Territory, is waste Land, whilst, we believe, almost every part of Mysore, is capable of being made productive. Coffee, Spices, Sugar, Cotton, Indigo, Corn and most articles of Agriculture, as well Asiatic, as European, may be grown here in great perfection. If English subjects are allowed to Colonize in India, Mysore would be a fine Country for them to commence with—there is scarcely any part of India so favorable for the exercise of British skill, and industry. The soil is capable of being made abundantly productive, whilst the climate of most parts of Mysore, is favorable to Europeans. In the course of time, we might expect, that, with the aid of the stimulus and perseverance of Englishmen, attempts would successfully be made in clearing the Country of the Jungle with which it in some places abounds, and which often produces fever and other diseases. If this were accomplished, a considerable quantity of Land, which is now worse than useless, would be made available for almost every agricultural purpose.—*Mad. Gaz. Oct.* 19.

CALCUTTA.

LAUNCH OF THE BEACON.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

About half-past four o'clock was launched from the Dock Yard of Mr. James Montgomery, the New Floating Light Vessel, alluded to in our paper of yesterday—she went of the stocks in capital style, and was welcomed by long and hearty cheers from a large assemblage of people. She was appropriately named the *Beacon*, by Mrs. Turner, the lady of that respectable and worthy ship-builder Mr. John Turner.

We are informed, the lines to the vessel are somewhat similar to the Lights of the Goodwin Sands—the plan and contract were prepared by Mr. Seppings, the Honorable Company's Surveyor of Shipping.

The fastenings of the Hull, are according to Sir Robert Seppings' principle of ship-building (for small vessels)—the whole of the materials and workmanship are of a most superior kind, in fact as fine a specimen of "the art" as ever has been turned out of hand at this Port, reflecting the greatest credit upon the Builders Mr. James Montgomery, and his son Alexander; the latter has been mostly engaged upon the work, and it is but doing justice to this *dutiful* and *skilful* young man, to say that his assiduity and attention to his business, are highly creditable.

The vessel was launched with her Masts, and after all was over, the good old Builder, with his relatives and friends, sat down to a neat, and well-prepared Tiffin, and all around drank success to the "Guid Ship" and the "Guid Family."

Dimensions,	*Feet.*	*Ins.*
Length between Perpendiculars	83	4½
Breadth Extreme	22	7
Height between Decks	5	8
Depth in Hold	7	5
Burthen in Tons	189	

CHINA.

THE CHINESE COURIER.

In a community so small as that of Canton the commencement of another newspaper may appear a work of superogation and the attempt to secure its support unreasonable and impertinent; but we are urged to the trial from a conviction that some medium is necessary for the dissemination of those opinions which it is the policy of our contemporary to avoid.

We should hesitate in this undertaking, were we not assured of a general desire for a periodical of the kind, and accede to the wishes which have been expressed for its commencement, not without some misgivings of our ability to perform all that is expected of us. We trust however that if we are so unfortunate as to fail, it will not be owing to a want of exertion, or an indifference to the friendly hints which have been extended for our improvement.

Prudence and temperate discussion have been too often considered incompatible with a free Press; and unfounded fears entertained of an immediate transition from Liberty to Licentiousness. Latterly however, it has been seen that a press, untrammelled by censorships and unrestricted by vexatious regulations, is less likely to prove a dangerous instrument in the hands of its conductors than one, which crushed and hampered by a narrow policy, is perpetually hovering upon that boundary which it is forbidden to pass, and uttering in obscure hints, and disjointed insinuations, the prohibited topics, on which it dare not descant in less ambiguous language. In declaring our intentions we wish to be distinctly understood. We have no party but that of justice, and propriety, no enemies but the advocates of intolerance, and the agents of misrule. We sincerely hope that the necessity of exposing either will seldom occur, but we pledge ourselves not to spare them when detected. If we attack opinions which we conceive to be erroneous, and impeach measures which we esteem to be reprehensible, we hope, with all due modesty we shall never be backward in making the *amende honorable*, when satisfied of our errors.

The great object which we have in view is the establishment of a liberal and well conducted press: one which may at once command respect for its opinions, and deserve credit for its management. In aid of this, we solicit contributions from the many able pens around us. We entreat the politician to send us his lucubrations, the traveller his researches, and the poet to open his portfolio. If the appeal be but successful, we shall fear little for the reputation of our newspaper: and from such encouragement our own powers will acquire a redoubled energy.

The present number will best explain the plan of the Courier: much improvement in the mechanical part and in the dimensions of the paper will take place, on the arrival of the materials.

FREE TRADE TO CHINA—The opening of the British Trade which is supposed to be a likely event, and at no very distant period, is by many regarded as an era of advantage and improvement to the Commerce of Foreign nations with China. Anticipations of success are indulged in, which we fear, are doomed never to be realized, and we confess that the indiscriminate opening of the trade, appears, when properly, considered, as one of the most unfortunate events which can occur to affect the interests of our mercantile community. So little is known of this country in Europe, that the demand for British manufactures here will be much overrated, and the active competition causing an advance in the prime cost, will render the losses on the sales ruinously great. The present state of the market for Piece Goods, will convey an idea of the enormous reduction in value which must inevitably follow the introduction of such immense quantities as will be sent out during the first two or three seasons.

A change in the Political relations of the two countries is also expected, and the representations of the handful of merchants now established here, will be no longer unheeded by the Government when backed by the importunate solicitations of a crowd of contending speculators who will be perpetually at variance with the Authorities.

Treaties for the protection of the Foreign Trade are to be dictated to the "Son of Heaven" at the point of the bayonet; and the concessions which have been refused to respectful solicitations, speedily obtained by coercion. The inveterate prejudices of the Chinese will be looked upon as obstacles, the removal of which will be neither tedious nor difficult, and the facility with which the natives of India have been induced to tolerate, and in some instances to adopt, the customs of Europeans, will be considered a guarantee that a similar revolution here is to be easily effected. Foreign novelties of every description will be forced upon the natives, without reference to the taste of the Chinese, or their adaptation to the climate. Benevolent individuals will pity their benighted intellects and prepare for them the means of acquiring the information which they are unfortunate enough to want. The tenets of Malthus will be inculcated to arrest the unbecoming increase in the overgrown population, and the principles of Say or Macculloch administered by the fostering care of foreigners whom they despise. *Old Custom* will be annihilated; and instead of the youth of this happy country hastening to school burthened with the celebrated "Four books" of the peerless Confucius, we shall see each precocious little politician lingering to con over a diequisition on "Paper currency" or the "catechism of the Corn Laws!"

Amid all this care for their temporal prosperity, we doubt not but that a similar anxiety will be demonstrated for their spiritual welfare, in an invasion of the Foreign and Domestic Missionary Society, and the efforts of its agents it is to be hoped will be more successful than those of their predecessors, or the able "native pastors" who are entrusted with the care of their congregations in their absence.

The conversion of the Chinese to sincere Christianity is one of those achievements which, independently of the pious motives which impel men to the attempt, is still further to be gloried in, as a triumph over the prejudices of the native education, and the rooted antipathy which the inhabitants entertain towards all foreigners without distinction. Such converts as have fallen under our own observation, were not only a disgrace to the Holy profession which they hypocritically assumed, but even to that of the untaught idolator.

Immense sums have been lavished upon the propagation of the True Faith in the East; and in spite of the numerous reports which are annually inflicted on the world, there is every reason to believe that very little has been done. The most perceptible effect of the preparatory education appears to be an improvement in the manners of the people, but beyond this certainly important step, little real progress has been made.

To return to our immediate subject. It is not on the Imports alone that heavy losses may be calculated, but on the productions of this country which are taken hence by Foreigners. Excessive deterioration in consequence of the increased demand, will be immediately perceived, and in order to supply it, articles of the most inferior kind will be palmed upon the ignorant and unwary. Some years will be requisite to increase the produce to correspond fully with the requisition; and the Government, perceiving the great augmentation of the Trade, will impose additional restrictions upon it; supposing very naturally that the fiction which they propagate respecting the poverty of other countries in the comforts, and even necessaries of life has in the reality driven strangers in increased numbers, to seek here those articles, which their own inhospitable regions are incapable of producing.

X.

THE LATE OUTRAGE NEAR LINTIN.—Capt. W. R. Lester of the Bombay Artillery has given to the public a statement of the recent attack upon a Portuguese boat in which he was pre-

ceeding from Lintin to Macao; and an account of the brutal assault made upon his person. The circumstances of this affair are more atrocious than usual. Boats with Foreigners on board, are not unfrequently delayed and plundered on the river, but it rarely happens that violence is offered to the passengers. In the present instance the unfortunate gentleman has been so harshly treated, as to confine him for many days to his chamber; and in addition to the personal injury he has received, his pecuniary loss is considerable. The crew of the boat were severly beaten and one individual drowned.

In concluding his statement, Capt. Lester expresses his sense of obligation to the chief Judge at Macao for the representation of the case to the Chinese authorities; a kind interference, but one which it is to be feared will avail [but [little. Much praise however is due to this worthy magistrate for his humane endeavours. When it is remembered that the gentleman who has met with so inhospitable a reception from the natives on his first arrival in China, is an officer in the Company's service, some surprise is naturally excited that its agents should have allowed the interference, (which in this instance appears to be peculiarly their province,) to be anticipated by the Authorities of Macao. An imprisoned Hong Merchant is an object of much solicitude, but a countryman, a gentleman, and an officer in their service is beaten and robbed without exciting their sympathy.—*Chinese Courier, July* 28.

The Hoppo, in reply to the private merchant's Remonstrance.

CHUNG, by Imperial appointment commissioner of customs at the port of Canton, &c. &c., to the hong-merchants. The said merchants have presented a foreign petition, in Chinese characters, from the English private merchants, Jardine and others,—in which it is stated:

(Here follows a copy of the Remonstrance.)

This coming before me the Hoppo, and being authenticated, I have examined and find, that from the time the English first came to Canton till now, a period of more than 100 years, they have, while looking up and beholding the (Imperial) virtue and majesty, been hitherto called respectful and obedient. But in the 24th year of Kêen-lung (1759), a foreign merchant of that nation, Hung-jeen-hwuy, (the Chinese name given to Mr. Flint), having listened to and followed the incitements of a Chinese traitor Lew-a-peen, presumed to oppose and violate the prohibitions and orders. The Imperial will was received to keep Hung-jin-hwuy in close confinement at Macao, and to execute Lew-a-peen. In consequence of this, the then Governor LE, presented, for the Imperial sanction five regulations, for restraining and guarding against outside foreigners, which were established to be obeyed and kept.

This year, the Minister and Governor LE, considering that present and former circumstances are different, made modifications of the same, and having formed them into eight regulations, he drew up, in Council, a memorial, laying them before the Emperor. And the Imperial will has already been received, sanctioning them. The said Foreign merchants ought to keep implicitly the established usages, and peaceably continue their trade.

Lately, the English private merchants Jardine, Innes, and others, have presented a Petition, stating that the whole scope of the regulations is at variance with the principles of justice,—thus whining, disputing, and contradicting;—and also requesting to appeal to the Emperor not to permit their being put in practice. This is extreme insolence and opposition.

The Celestial Empire, in cherishing tenderness to distant foreigners, has contantly stooped to show compassion. But, between the flowery Chinese and Barbarians there doubtless, is a settled distinction; between those within and those without, there must be established a grand barrier. The dignity of the Great Emperor requires obedience and severity. How can the foreign merchants of every nation be suffered to indulge their own wishes in opposition to and contempt of, the laws!

Now, as to the subjects on which the Minister and Governor LE presented the memorial, a severe Imperial Edict has been received, ordering them to be put in practice. If the said foreign merchants wish to disobey, they will not be disobeying LE, the Minister and Governor, but they will be disobeying the will and commands of the Great Emperor.

Thus foreigners are not allowed to bring with them, to the foreign factories at the provincial city, sailors and arms. This is a regulation long since established, and not a prohibition first made by the Minister and Governor LE. How can the said foreign merchants in their intercourse with the country, have been ignorant hereof. But last year, they clandestinely brought up cannon, and afterwards, having immedately repented, took them back. The great Emperor, whilst extending indulgence to the past, utterly prohibited it for the future. This was liberality equal to Heaven's. But now, they make a pretext of defending their property, and wish to bring up (arms) again, as formerly. Is it not the fact that their minds are bent on perverse opposition, and thus, by their own act, they put themselves beyond the means of subsistence? Since the said foreigners know how to defend their property, how is it that they do not consider the stoppage of trade, and the entirely cutting off of the means of gaining a subsistence; and, on the contrary, take a course which will destroy their property!

Moreover; the shares of the English Company have all hitherto reverted to the Chief's control. At present the said Chief, Majoribanks, is profoundly intelligent, and acts with great propriety. The said Jardine, Innes, and the others, are merely private English merchants, and are not at all comparable to the Company. How can they act thus irregularly, and dun with their requests! The petition is, in its phraseology, proud and wilful;—in its language it is confused and entangled; and, in its words and ideas, there is much that is not clear and perspicuous. But I, indulgently, consider that they do not understand proper forms and decorum; and at the same time I do not regard it worth while to enter into a minute examination and refutation of their Petition.

But those who knock at the gate of the market, and solicit commercial intercourse, must obediently keep the royal regulations. How can those who cross the Seas to trade, and export, be suffered to act disorderly and create disturbance. If the said private merchants really regard their property, they ought indeed to trade on as usual,—but if they dislike the restraint imposed by the orders of Government, and consider their own private affairs to be disadvantageously situated, the said private merchants may entirely withdraw their trade, and not trouble themselves to come from a great distance through many countries of different languages. Why cause suspicion and impediment?

Uniting these things, I forthwith issue this order:—When it reaches the Hong-merchants, let them immediately take the contents of the reply made by me, the Hoppo, and enjoin them on the said nation's Chief, that he may know and act accordingly;—and continue to keep Jardine, Innes, and the others, under strict restraint,—not allowing them to create disturbance, and again dun with petitions. Intensely—intensely! are these special orders issued, 11th year, 6th moon, 5th day. (July 13th. 1831.)

PEKING, May 25th, 1831.

An official document has been received, announcing the death of His Majesty's eldest son. He became ill last Autumn; seemed to recover in the spring, but a relapse took place, and, during the last ten days of his life, he was unable to rise from his bed. The Emperor expresses deep regret, and has conferred the Tartar title *Peihih* as a posthumous honor. The Board of rites is commanded to conduct the funeral according to usage for the Emperor's son, conformably to the Tartar fashion.

The present year being the anniversary of his Majesty's 50th year, the death of this Prince, who was intended to succeed to the throne, is considered peculiarly unfortunate.

CAPTAIN SIR MURRAY MAXWELL. In the Resolutions which lately appeared in the Register, an allusion was made to Captain Maxwell who, in 1816, passed the Bogue under fire of the Forts and Junks. Whether he was strictly justified in so doing has been questioned. Under ordinary circumstances there can be no doubt on the subject; but his circumstances were very peculiar. The Government of China is ingenious in oppression and insult: it contrives to inflict the most humiliating and galling injuries in a manner that stops short a little within the line, where resistance to government would manifestly be justifiable.

Under its management, property is often insecure; it is either absolutely taken from its rightful owner, or its fair and free use is prevented. But, the Chinese civilians do not enter a man's house, and take away his property by force: they contrive laws to entrap, and tell official lies to bring the possessor of property within their toils. However, this is wandering from Captain Maxwell. Admitting the right of what he did, the manner in which he felt and acted on the occasion, as related by his surgeon, McLeod, exhibited a fine sense of national honor, and personal moral courage.

The risk was immense: supposing for a moment the danger to his own ship was small, not from want of guns in the Junks and Forts, but from want of skill in using them; still the Embassador and suite were in the heart of China, and might have been made responsible for the lives lost. Capt. Maxwell could not be sure how his own government might view the case, in the event of failure, and dismissal from the service might be the consequence. Yet, under these circumstances, he nobly took the course which he deemed most becoming the honor of his country, although in doing so the Embassador and himself might both perish.

It was a happy and noble thought, to fire the first gun with his own hand, to remove the fears of the seamen, if any notion should have got among them, that, after the battle, they might be given up. The fact is: Europeans in China will not be treated with respect till they display a higher sense of honor, to preserve which, they will both incur risk, and submit to loss.

The present Hoppo of Canton, Chung-Ta-jin, came hither from Hwae-kwan Custom-house, Keang-nan province, where the receipts were, for several years, considerably short of the required amount.

In the Gazette before us, he announces a second payment of 20,000 Taels, which the Emperor commands him to pay into the Government Treasury at Canton. There still remain arrears to the amount of 137,578 Taels which he is required to make good with all convenient speed. Chung-Ta-jin's successor at Hwae-kwan, during the last year, also, fell short 34,000 Taels, half of which Chung is required to pay, as soon as he has paid off his own arrears.

EUROPE.

PORTUGAL.

The British Government, with a proper regard for national honour, and a humane attention to the remonstrances of British subjects in Portugal against the revolting atrocities practised upon their persons and property by Don Miguel, despatched a fleet to the Tagus, for the purpose of exacting redress by the only means intelligible to a tyrant. The armament, consisting of the Windsor Castle 78 guns, Alarm 28, Ariadne 28, Despatch 18, Savage 10, Nautilus 10, together with the Briton frigate 46 guns, and Childers 18 guns already in the Tagus, appeared off the bar on the 25th of April, and caused no small sensation in the Councils of Don Miguel. Upon the 26th the Consuls called a meeting of the British residents in Lisbon, and communicated to them that the English Government had demanded full and prompt satisfaction for the various insults to the British flag, and for the numerous outrages sustained by British residents in Portugal, both in their persons and property, through the acts of the Portuguese Government, in open violation of the treaty subsisting between the two countries. The terms imposed were.—

The dismissal of the present Judge Conservator of Oporto, Caneiro, and Sa, and the immediate recognition of Joao Manuel de Oliveira, the one elected by the British merchants residing in that city.

The dismissal of the Captain of the Diana frigate, who detained the St. Helena packet off Terceira, for his ungentlemanly and unmanly conduct towards Captain Warren, and the cruel and brutal treatmant of the invalided officers and soldiers who came passengers in her.

The dismissal of the noted Joze Verissima, for the illegal arrest of M. Joze Maria O'Neill.

The dismissal of the magistrates, and punishment of the soldier who broke into the house of Mr. Roberts, on the night of the 26th March, at Val de Perreira.

The dismissal and punishment of the Sota and soldiers who broke into Mr. Caffray's ropewalk, and so degradingly took his foreman prisoner; a compensation of 20,000 reis per diem for each day he was in prison, (ten days,) 200,000 reis.

Compensation and an apology to Mr. Heckeley, who was proceeding from Seville to Lisbon, for having been compelled to turn from Elvas back to Badajos, for the purpose of obtaining the signature of a Portuguese authority to his passport.

A reprimand to the magistrate who attempted to levy a tax called Maneio on Mr. Levi, in direct violation of the privileges of his Britannic Majesty's subjects in Portugal, with a promise to hold sacred the rights and privileges of his Majesty's subjects for the future.

To refund half of the 30 per cent. paid at the Custom-house at Lisbon, on a cargo of coals imported from England in a Swedish vessel—to direct the Custom-house at Oporto not to exact more duties than are allowed by the treaty.

The payment of claims for the British vessels detained off Terceira, within a month.

The following is the preamble of the note of the British Consul addressed to the Portuguese Government.

"The under-signed, his Britannic Majesty's Acting Consul General in Portugal, has received the instructions of his Government to state to his Excellency the Viscount de Santarem, that his Majesty's Government having taken into their serious consideration all the recent insults which the Portuguese Government have offered to the British nation—the outrages which they have committed upon the persons and property of British subjects—and the violation of which they have been guilty of the treaties subsisting between the two countries, have directed the undersigned to make to the Portuguese Government, through his Excellency, a peremptory demand for immediate and full redress of the same.

"Many of the grounds of complaint advanced by his Majesty's Government are of recent occurrence; whilst others, comprising the repeated, and till now neglected, demand of compensation for the injuries inflicted upon British commerce, as well by the unjust seizure of British vessels, as by the non-observance, on the part of the Portuguese Government, of the stipulations of the treaties existing between the two countries, have been the subject of much correspondence between his Excellency and the undersigned. Having so often remonstrated against these infractions of solemn treaties—having so repeatedly, and, until recently, in vain called upon the Portuguese Government for the compensation to which his Majesty's subjects are entitled, for the injuries they have received at their hands, the under signed deems it necessary, at the present moment, to do more than to re-call his Excellency's attention to the various notes which his predecessor and himself have had the honour to address to his Excellency upon these subjects, substantiating the various grievances they complained of, appealing to the several articles of the treaties upon which they founded their complaints, and warning his Excellency of the probable consequences of any farther disregard of them."

Then follow the demands; all of which were complied with under the threat, that, if not immediately acceded to, recourse would be had to reprisals.

The offenders, whose dismissal and punishment had been required, have been dismissed and punished, and their names are published in the *Lisbon Gazette*.

Thus has an effectual stop been put to a course of conduct, as pitiful on the part of Don Miguel, as it has been insulting and vexatious to England.

The Portuguese are represented as much displeased with the concessions of their government, and seem to have imbibed a hatred against England. "That nation," say they, "regards nothing but its own interest, pursuing that through thick and thin."

TURKEY.

The French papers contain a number of ominous accounts and anticipations of the danger to the Sultan Mahmond from the anti-reform party of Turkey, under the banner of which profession, the rebellion against him has been concocted. The progress of the Pacha of Albania is peculiarly dangerous, and it is by no means unlikely that Russian intrigue has been at work, both in this quarter and at Bagdad, the Pacha of which is also in a state of open revolt. The following are extracts:—The civil war which is going on in the interior of the Turkish Empire becomes, from day to day, more menacing. The Pacha of Albania, the chief of the revolt, keeps the Grand Vizier blockaded at Monastir, in Rumelia. On the other hand, the insurgents of Bulgaria are masters of Sophia, the capital of a Pachalic. After a few further successes, they may reach the borders of Constantinople. The Divan is deliberating, and taking serious measures: the Sultan is urging on with ardour the organization of his army, and is sending reinforcements to his Generals with all speed. The eastern part of the Empire is already torn to pieces. The Pacha of Bagdad is in open rebellion. The Porte has charged the Pacha of Aleppo to assemble all his disposable forces in Asia Minor, and to mareh towards the Euphrates and Tigris. He has even conferred on the Pacha the title of Caliph of Bagdad. To second his operations, the Viceroy of Egypt has been invited to furnish a body of men against the Pacha of Bagdad; and, as a recompense of the services which the Porte expects from him, the Pachalic of Syria has been added to his extensive territory, an addition which makes Egypt a power almost equal to the Porte, if it be remembered the Viceroy reigns at the same time over Arabia, Nubia, Sennar, Fezzan, and the large island of Candia. The aim of the revolted is, in fact, to destroy the administrative and military innovations introduced by the Sultan Mahmoud on the European plan, and to place all things on the footing of the old Turkish system. The Sultan has been desirous of placing in a state of regularity, finance, taxation, and justice; to withdraw from the Pachas, and other military commandants, those rights of exaction which they have arrogated to themselves; to submit them to fixed appointments, and to separate the administrative from the military authority. He has laboured especially to create an army of European discipline, depending directly on the head of the State, and not on the Governors of the provinces. He has also reformed the Turkish costume, too heavy for military manœuvre, and has, in every instance, in his public and private conduct, evinced a a propensity for Europeans and European manners, and a relaxation of the old Eastern etiquette, which has scandalized the ignorance, routine, and pride of the ultra Turks. Whilst insurrections are breaking out in Europe to reform abuses, the contrary is the case in Turkey: grandees and pachas unite with the people, and rise against a reforming Monarch, who is aiming to introduce a regular administration into a country in which no one is certain either of his property or his head.

PRAGA,

(From the Englishman's Mag. for April.)

A fortified town in the kingdom of Poland, and Woiwodship of Masovia, on the right bank of the Vistula, opposite Warsaw, as a suburb of which it may be considered. It is connected with Warsaw by a bridge of boats, and contains 3,080 inhabitants and 885 houses. The name of Praga awakens the recollection of Poland's bloody fall. When Kosciuszko was defeated, and taken prisoner at Macejowice, twelve miles from Warsaw, on October 10, 1794, General Suwarrow proceeded against Praga—the place of arms, and the last bulwark of the Poles, who, to the number of 20,000, 5,000 of whom were cavalry, and 1,000 armed with scythes, together with forty-eight pieces of cannon, had thrown themselves, in their irregular flight, into that town, under the command of Makranowski. This officer having resigned, the command was taked by Zajonczek, who had now a force of 30,000 men, in the possession of a fortified camp before Praga. The Russians were encamped near Kobylka, and Suwarrow made preparations for an attack by storm. A Polish major, of the name of Müller, was despatched to the Russian camp with surgical assistance for the wounded Kosciuszko, and Suwarrow then showed him the fearful preparations that were making for assault, adding, that it was painful for him to see the Poles bringing destruction on themselves, by a vain opposition. "Accept the amnesty," he said, "and you shall be free; refuse it, and you shall all be put to the sword." On the 2nd of November, the Russians advanced in three bodies against Praga, and erected three batteries during the night, under the fire of which, on November 3, Suwarrow surveyed the fortifications. The Poles imagined that the Russians would lay regular siege to Praga, but at three o'clock of the morning of the 4th, the latter broke up in seven columns. A deep silence prevailed as they advanced in a semi-circle against the Polish fortifications, until the commander-in-chief, at five o'clock, sent up a rocket, as the signal for the attack. A terrible shout was now heard from all the army. The first two columns pressed forward over the trenches and the breast-work, under the cross-fire of

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 08 April, 2017

the Polish batteries, made the cavalry fall back, and driving 1,000 men into the Vistula, dispersed the rest in the city; supported, also, by the five columns which had advanced from the other side, they cut off the communication of the Poles with the bridges, and after a bloody slaughter, made 2,000 prisoners. The third and fourth columns ascended a sand-hill and pressed forward on a seven-fold line of demi-bastions; the third column hereupon took possession of two stronger bastions, and subdued the inner works; the fourth column then stormed the cavalier of the enemy's principal rampart, together with an entrenchment within the circular stone wall, took five batteries, and attacked the Poles in front and on both flanks. Two thousand Poles were here cut down, and General Hösler, with 20 officers, taken prisoner. Here also fell, after an obstinate defence, 500 Jews, a well-equipped regiment, not one of whom escaped, with the exception of the colonel, Hirschko, who remained in Warsaw. Both lines, in conjunction with the sixth column, now attacked the last intrenchment of the inner works, where an explosion took place of a powder and bomb magazine. The seventh column proceeded round a morass, taking three batteries, putting a body of cavalry to the route, and driving part into the Vistula. One thousand Poles were killed on the spot, and 500 taken prisoners. As the outer-works were now stormed, the Russian reserve began to advance, together with the artillery. The columns, by themselves, however, surmounted the inner-works of Praga, and proceeded from street to street to the market-place, having to sustain all the time a bloody conflict with their assailants. About 1,000 Poles, whose flight was checked by the Vistula, were cut to pieces in sight of the inhabitants of Warsaw, or driven into the river. Three thousand four hundred prisoners were taken here. The Russians fought and plundered with great fierceness, in revenge for the night of the 16th and 17th of April when seven thousand Russians, under Igelstrom were attacked by the Poles, and nearly one half cut to pieces. After a struggle of 4 hours, the treble entrenchments of Praga were stormed by 22,000 Russians, supported by 33 batteries, and thus was quenched for a long period the heroism, which had been fanned into a flame by Korciuszko. Thirteen thousand Poles lay on the field of battle, more than 2,000 were drowned in the Vistula, and 14,680 were taken prisoners, among whom were Generals Mayen, Höder, and Krupinski; 5 colonels, 24 staff, and 413 commissioned officers. Suwarrow treated them well, and soon after gave them their liberty. Only 800 troops escaped over the bridge to Warsaw. A great number of the peasantry, who had fled to Praga, together with women, old men, children, and infants, lost their lives in the massacre and plunder that ensued. Great part of the city was burnt down, and it took several days to clear the streets from the dead bodies and the ruins. On the 9th of November Suwarrow entered Warsaw, and the division of Poland took place in the following year.

PRISON DISCIPLINE SOCIETY.—On Monday this society held its meeting in Exeter-hall; Mr. F. Buxton in the chair. The report stated that solitary confinement by night, with religious instruction, ought to be substituted for transportation. It regretted that more had not been done to improve the state of the gaols. The printing of the report was moved by Mr. Gurney. In Aberdeen, a town containing 60,000 inhabitants, which he had lately visited, there was no airing ground for prisoners in the neighbourhood of the gaol, and only four or five appartments. It must have been intolerable at least fifty years ago. The inhabitants, however, had built a new prison in accordance with the suggestions of this society. Constant labour, enforced silence, and perfect discipline, were requisite in all prisons, with much solitude and careful religious instruction. Mr. Long said that every one came out of prison worse than he went in, and there were now 1,120 persons in prison. Sir G. Hampson said that the improvements in the state of prisons since the time of the benevolent Howard were chiefly owing to the exertions of this society. Mr. Marridge thought the best, preventive of crime, was to find employment for the lower orders without compelling them congregate in towns, where their morals suffered at every collision. Dr. Lushington, in an eloquent speech, advocated the abolition of capital punishments. Severity never yet diminished crime, he said, and the frequency of the highest punishment had taken away all the weight of its example. Such punishments were not only inefficacious, but repugnant to humanity and the laws of God. Mr. S. Hoare said that the society had ascertained that the greatest number of juvenile delinquents were motherless children. No class of the community more forcibly claimed the attention of the charitable. He showed how this society had saved many unfortunates from ruin, by receiving them from prison, and by preventing their being hurried thither without cause. But the state of the funds placed much of this active charity beyond their reach. The next meeting was fixed for June 3. The meeting, after passing the resolutions, and urging on its members the necessity of continuing their good work, broke up in peace.

THE GENTLEMAN.

No people under the sun lay so much stress on the name of gentleman as the British, or put forth such odd claims to it. At the Dorsetshire election this polite conversation passed—it is much what Shakespeare would have imagined of such worthies stickling for their honours.

"Mr. Phillips: Did you say that I was no gentleman? *I should like to hear you say it again.*

"Mr. Rutter: I say again you are no gentleman to behave in such a manner.

"Mr. Phillips: *I say you are a liar*, and if I were near you, *I would pitch into you* [confusion].

A reformer on the hustings: 'Don't use such language as that, but answer him if you can."

"'Ay,' from another voice, 'answer the Quaker; it is all gammon to abuse him; answer him like a gentleman.'

"Mr. Phillips: *It is not my occupation* [loud laughter]. I don't think addressing a crowd to be a gentlemanly occupation.

"Mr. Rutter: I do; and so there we differ.

"A voice in the crowd: That fellow is a butcher [a laugh].

"Mr. Rutter: I am sure he is no gentleman [roars of laughter]

"Mr. Phillips: If I were near you, I would make you repent that language.

"Mr. Rutter: I shall never be afraid to say it, either here or elsewhere, or to bring a thousand persons, if need be, to prove that I said it. I am perfectly able to defend myself.

"Mr. Phillips here *hooted* Mr. Rutter.

Mr. Rutter: I never saw a fellow with more effrontery than you have. Your very countenance bespeaks the vacancy of your mind."

In quarrels we generally observe that a repetition of any thing particularly unpleasant is desired by the patient. "Hit me again—I should like to see you do it."—"Did you say I was no gentleman? I should like to hear you say it again." The gentleman is indulged with the repetition of so pleasant a compliment, and he vindicates his title to the denied description by giving the lie, and declaring that he only wanted opportunity *to pitch into* the party whose speech he had encored. We can remember the time when the word *gentleman* was not so exclusively coveted—*lady*, too, has been going down in the world. Chimney sweepers and dustmen now "this gentleman" and "that gentleman", each other; and washerwomen and basket-women even in their brawls, never refuse the style of lady to those whose caps they tear, or whose place in the creation they traduce to a canine level.

THEATRICALS.

COVENT GARDEN.

Great expectation was excited by the announcement of a piece in seven parts at this theatre, representing the life and fortunes of Napoleon Bonaparte; and accordingly on Monday evening the house was filled within a few minutes from its opening. The further attraction of the actual costume worn by the Emperor, helped, no doubt, to stimulate popular curiosity. The undertaking was, in all respects, laborious and responsible, and there was much pledged on the hazard of the mood and humour of the audience; but the splendour of the spectacle, the excellence of Mr. Warde's performance of the hero, and the lavish and costly arrangement of the magnificent series of tableaux that constitute the main features of the entertainment, carried away all judgments, and obtained universal approbation. Of course such a piece could not be of a higher order than melodrame of an historical and protracted character; nor could it be so constructed as to embrace more than a few of the leading incidents of the life of Napoleon. All that such a piece can do, this does. It gives us glimpses, at distant intervals, of the career of that extraordinary man, and carries us on distinctly enough, although not consecutively, through his chief successes and reverses. Some allowances must, of course, be made for omissions, as it is evidently impossible, within the limits even of a seven-act representation, to concentrate the whole of so diversified a history; but even the most amiable spirit of toleration can make no excuse for passing in silence over Waterloo, out of which might have been extracted the only moral of which the story of *Napoleon* is susceptible. We can excuse even the leaving out of the picturesque struggle on the bridge of Lodi; the triumph of the eagle at Austerlitz; and the melodramatic scene of the escape from Elba; but we cannot discover any fair reason why the poetical justice involved in the final battle between Europe and the usurper should be evaded, unless the author felt reluctant to detract, by the presence of a defeat, from the glories with which he has invested his hero. Perhaps, too, the battle of Waterloo is held to be but an equivocal compliment to the bravery of England, and it was considered prudent not to trust the audience with it. There is certainly some shrewdness in this doubt, and perhaps the author was—as a dramatist—right. The progress of the piece is as follows, the hiatus between each period being the blank between the acts.

1793. The seige of Toulon. Bonaparte a captain of artillery. Very admirably and effectively conducted, and the most touching scene in the whole, exhibiting the outbreakings of genius amidst difficulties, its panting struggles for distinction, and its triumph.

1800. The passage of Mont St. Bernard. This is a beautiful scence. We cannot recal any mere scenic representation that combines such varied excellences. The ascent of the artillery, the mingling of the monks with the exhausted soldiery, the general bleakness of the mountains, and the figure of Napoleon mounted on his charger in the centre, make up a picture at the close of the act which has rarely been equalled on the stage.

1809. Vienna. A review of the imperial troops in front of the palace, and a glass octagonal pavilion, where Napoleon receives his secretaries, &c., are very beautiful. In this act is introduced the attempt made upon the Emperor's life by a fanatical student, which student is put to death by history, but pardoned by the dramatist.

1814. The bridge of Montereau, where Napoleon gained a battle against the Prussians just as Paris had capitulated.

1814. The farewell at Fontainbleau, presenting an extremely accurate representation of the grouping in Horace Vernet's celebrated picture.

The sixth part consists of the dream of *Victoria*, a woman who has followed Napoleon from Corsica, and taken a prophetic interest in his fate. The dream is accomplished by means of a dioramic representation of the chief circumstances of Bonaparte's life. We cannot say much for some portions of this diorama.

1818 to 1821. The exile at St. Helena, where the last days of the Emperor are represented in painful detail. The acting of Mr. Warde throughout the entire of this part is above all praise. It is almost impossible to conceive a performance that takes up more entire possession of its original.

These are the divisions of the piece; but we have not touched on the minor details that assist the onward progress of the action. It may be sufficient to commend the performance generally. Miss Taylor's character was most effectively sustained, as was also that of a veteran sergeant by Mr. G. Bennet. Mr. Warde threw himself with so much energy into the part, and seemed to have made so accurate and complete a study of all its points and peculiarities, that the audience made an enthusiastic call for him at the close, and he received the honours usual on such occasions. We were glad of it for once. He seldom shares ovations of that kind, and when he deserves so flattering a distinction, it is right he should have it.

Against the historical truth and political tendency of this piece we put in our protest—much as its pictorial and dramatic merits interest us. It culls all Napoleon's dazzling actions, and shows us none of his crimes. It gives us the bright side of his character, but never lets us see his guilty ambition, his heartlessness, his tyranny, or his domestic transgressions. The sympathy of the audience is awakened by the mutilation of truth, and so the drama goes off victoriously at the expense of justice. We admit that the piece is hardly a responsible one, and that it is scarcely amenable as a drama. But then it gives us so much of Napoleon on the one side, that we have certainly a clear right to complain that it gives us none of him on the other.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

(From Blackwoods Magazine for June.)

Next morning, we proceeded towards the Spanish headquarters, provided with horses through the kindness of the Captain of the outpost, and preceded by a guide on an ass. He was a *moreno*, or man of colour, who, in place of bestriding his beast, gathered his limbs under him, and sat crosslegged on it like a tailor; so that when you saw the two "end on," the effect was laughable enough, the flank and tail of the ass appearing to constitute the lower part of the man, as if he had been a sort of composite animal, like the ancient satyr. The road traversed a low swampy country, from which the rank moisture arose in a hot palpable mist, and crossed several shallow lagoons, from two to six feet deep of tepid, muddy, brackish water, some of them half a mile broad, and swarming with wild waterfowl. On these occasions, our friend the Satyr was signalled to make sail ahead on his donkey to pilot us; and as the water deepened, he would betake himself to swimming in its wake, holding on by the tail, and shouting "*Cuidado Burrico, Cuidado que no te ahogas.*"

While passing through the largest of these, we noticed several calabashes about pistol-shot on our right; and as we fancied one of them bobbed now and then, it struck me they might be Indian fishing-floats. To satisfy my curiosity, I hauled my wind, and leaving the track we were on, swam my horse towards the group. The two first that I lifted had nothing attached to them, but proved to be what I thought they were, merely empty gourds floating before the wind; but when I tried to seize the largest, it eluded my grasp in a most incomprehensible manner, and slid away astern of me with a curious hollow gabbling sort of noise, whereupon my palfrey snorted and reared, and nearly capsized me over his bows. What a noble fish, thought I, as I tacked in chase, but my Bucephalus refused to face it. I therefore bore up to join my companions again; but in requital of the disappointment, smashed the gourd in passing with the stick I held in my hand, when, to my unutterable surprise, and amidst shouts of laughter from our *moreno*, the head and shoulders of an Indian, with a quantity of sedges tied round his neck, and buoyed up by half-a-dozen dead teal fastened by the legs to his girdle, started up before me. "*Ave Maria, purisima!* you have broken my head, senor." But as the vegetable helmet had saved his scull, of itself possibly none of the softest, a small piece of money spliced the feud between us; and as he fitted his pate with another calabash, preparatory to resuming his cruise, he joined in our merriment, although from a different cause.—"What *can* these English simpletons see so very comical in a poor Indian catching wild-ducks?"

Shortly after, we entered a forest of magnificent trees, whose sombre shade, on first passing from the intolerable glare of the sun, seemed absolute darkness. The branches were alive with innumerable tropical birds and insects, and were laced together by a thick tracery of withes, along which a guana would occasionally dart, coming nearest of all the reptiles I had seen to the shape of the fabled dragon.

But how different from the clean stems, and beautiful green sward of our English woods! Here, you were confined to a quagmire by impervious underwood of prickly pear, penguin, and speargrass; and when we rode under the drooping branches of the trees, that the leaves might brush away the halo of musquitoes, flying ants, and other winged plagues that buzzed about our temples, we found, to our dismay, that we had made bad worse by the introduction of a whole colony of *garapatos*, or wood-ticks, into our eyebrows and hairs. At length we reached the headquarters at Torrecilla, and were well received by the Spanish commander-in-chief, a tall good-looking, soldier-like man, whose personal qualities had an excellent foil in the captain-general of the province, whom at first I took for dancing-master, or, at the best, *perruquier en general* to the staff.

After being furnished with food and raiment, we retired to our *quatres*, a most primitive sort of couch, being a simple wooden frame, with a piece of canvass stretched over it. However, if we had no mattrasses, we had none of the disagreeables often incidental to them, and fatigue proved a good opiate, for we slept soundly until the drums and trumpets of the troops, getting under arms, awoke us at day light. The army was under weigh to occupy Carthagena, which had fallen through famine, and we had no choice but to accompany it.

I knew nothing of the misery of a siege but by description; the reality even to me, case-hardened as I was by my own recent sufferings, was dreadful. We entered by the gate of the *raval*, or suburb. There was not a living thing to be seen in the street; the houses had been pulled down, that the fire of the place might not be obstructed in the event of a lodgement in the outwork. We passed on, the military music echoing mournfully amongst the ruined walls, to the main gate, or *Puerto de Tierra*, which was also open, and the drawbridge lowered. Under the archway, we saw a delicate female, worn to the bone, and weak as an infant, gathering garbage of the most loathsome description, the possession of which had been successfully disputed by a carrion crow. A little farther on, the bodies of an old man and two small children were putrifying in the sun, while beside them lay a miserable, wasted, dying negro, vainly endeavouring to keep at a distance with a palm branch, a number of the same obscene birds that were already devouring the carcass of one of the infants; before two hours, the faithful servant, and those he attempted to defend, were equally the prey of the disgusting *gallinaso*. The houses, as we proceeded, appeared entirely deserted, except where a solitary spectrelike inhabitant appeared at a balcony, and feebly exclaimed, "*Viva, los Espanoles! Viva, Fernando Septimo!*"—We saw no domestic animal whatsoever, not even a cat or a dog; but I will not dwell on these horrible details any longer.

One morning, shortly after our arrival, as we strolled beyond the land gate, we came to a place where four *banquillos* (a sort of short bench or stool, with an upright post at one end firmly fixed into the ground), were placed opposite a dead wall. They were painted black, and we were not left long in suspense as to their use; for solemn music, and the roll of muffled drums in the distance, were fearful indications of what we were to witness.

First came an entire regiment of Spanish infantry, which filing off, formed three sides of a square,—the wall near which the *banquillos* were placed forming the fourth; then eight priests, and as many choristers chanting the service for the dying; next came several mounted officers of the staff, and four firing parties of twelve each. Three Spanish American prisoners followed dressed in white, with crucifixes in their hands, each supported more dead than alive, by two priests; but when the fourth victim appeared, we could neither look at nor think of any thing else.

On enquiry we found he was an Englishman, of the name of S——, English that is, in all except the place of his birth, for his whole education had been English, as were his parents and all his family; but it came out, accidentally I believe, on his trial, that he had been *born* at Buenos Ayres, and having joined the patriots, this brought treason home to him, which he was now led forth to expiate. Whilst his fellow-sufferers appeared crushed down to the very earth, under their intense agony, so that they had to be supported as they tottered towards the place of execution, he stepped firmly and manfully out, and seemed impatient when at any time, from the crowding in front, the procession was obliged to halt. At length they reached the fatal spot, and his three companions in misery being placed astride on the *banquillos*, their arms were placed round the upright posts, and fastened to them with cord, *their backs being towards the soldiers*. Mr S——walked firmly up to the vacant bench, knelt down, and covering his face with his hands, rested his head on the edge of it. For a brief space he seemed to be engaged in prayer, during which he sobbed audibly, but soon recovering himself he rose, and folding his arms across his breast, sat down slowly and

* See "A Scene on the Costa Firme," in Number for January last.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 08 April, 2017

deliberately on the *banquillo*, facing the firing party with an unshrinking eye.

He was now told that he must turn his back and submit to be tied like the others. He resisted this, but on force being attempted to be used, he sprung to his feet, and stretching out his hand, while a dark red flush passed transiently across his pale face, he exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Thus, thus, and not otherwise, you *may* butcher me, but I am an Englishman and no traitor, nor will I die the death of one." Moved by his gallantry the soldiers withdrew, and left him standing. At this time the sun was intensely hot, it was high noon, and the monk who attended Mr. S——held an umbrella over his head; but the preparations being completed, he kissed him on both cheeks, while the hot tears trickled down his own, and was stepping back, when the unhappy man said to him, with the most perfect composure, "*Todavia padre, todavia, mucho me gusta la sombra.*" But the time *had* arrived, the kindhearted monk was obliged to retire. The signal was given, and they were as clods of the valley—"Truly," quoth old Splinter, "*a man does sometimes become a horse by beiny born in a stable.*"

Some time after this we were allowed to go to the village of Turbaco, a few miles distant from the city, for change of air. On the third morning after our arrival, about the dawning, I was suddenly awakened by a shower of dust on my face, and a violent shaking of the bed, accompanied by a low grumbling unearthly noise, which seemed to pass immediately under where I lay. Were I to liken it to any thing I had ever experienced before, it would be to the lumbering and tremor of a large waggon in a tempestuous night, heard and felt through the thin walls of a London house.—Like—yet how fearfully different.

In a few seconds the motion ceased, and the noise gradually died away in hollow echoes in the distance—whereupon ensued such a crowing of cocks, cackling of geese, barking of dogs, lowing of kine, neighing of horses, and shouting of men, women, and children, amongst the negro and coloured domestics, as baffles all description, whilst the various white inmates of the house (the rooms, for air and coolness, being without ceiling, and simply divided by partitions run up about ten feet high) were, one and all, calling to their servants and each other, in accents which did not by any means evince great composure. In a moment this hubbub again sank into the deepest silence—man, and the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, became mute with breathless awe, at the impending tremendous manifestation of the power of that Almighty Being in whose hands the hills are as a very little thing—for the appalling voice of the earthquake was once more heard growling afar off, like distant thunder mingling with the rushing of a mighty wind, waxing louder and louder as it approached, and upheaving the sure and firm set earth into long undulations, as if its surface had been the rolling swell of the fathomless ocean. The house rocked, pictures of saints fell from the walls, tables and chairs were overturned, the window frames were forced out of their embrazures and broken in pieces, beams and rafters groaned and screamed, crushing the tiles of the roof into ten thousand fragments. In several places the ground split open into chasms a fathom wide, with an explosion like a cannon shot; the very foundation of the house seemed to be sinking under us; and whilst men and women rushed like maniacs naked into the fields, with a yell as if the Day of Judgment had arrived, and the whole brute creation, in an agony of fear, made the most desperate attempts to break forth from their enclosures into the open air, the end wall of my apartment was shaken down; and falling outwards with a deafening crash, disclosed, in the dull grey mysterious twilight of morning, the huge knarled trees that overshadowed the building, bending and groaning, amidst clouds of dust, as if they had been tormented by a tempest, although the air was calm and motionless as death.

SCENES IN POLAND.

1794—MACEJOWICE* AND PRAGA.†

(*From the Englishman's Magazine for April.*)

"You will deliver this to his Excellency the Field-Marshal, and wait for the answer."——

"But, General——"

"I have served twenty years, and never uttered a *but*. No reasoning; I shall wait here."

It was necessary to obey. The fact was that the General wanted a little sleep—and no wonder; for he had never closed an eye since we left Petersburgh. We had travelled at the rate of sixteen miles an hour over Lithuanian and Polish roads, so celebrated for their smoothness. It may be, too, that he was not desirous of obtruding himself in the way of the balls and bullets. It matters not. The right of the Poles again showed their colours, and pushed forward. Their sharpshooters were seen coming out like locusts. While the General was yet speaking, the fusilade began in good earnest; and from the thickets, the hollows, and the ditches alongside of the public roads, the balls came whistling to our heart's content. At short intervals a brace of bright gleams flashed out, softly shaded with smoke, and down tumbled half a dozen metal caps‡ never to rise again; while the glorious bass thundered after like the *requiem defunctorum*. This portentous music continued. For my part my road was not difficult to find; I had merely to follow the roar of the cannon with my fifty cuirassiers through the thickest of the dead and dying, and on through the centre. It was already broken, and the affair over on this side: towards the extreme left, however, on the road to Warsaw, four regiments of infantry were still maintaining their ground.

"Where is he?" demanded I for the second time of a dragoon major, who sat bending forwards in his saddle, his feet firm in the stirrups, and his hand grasping the mane of the horse. He gave no answer, but dropped gently to the ground. The man was dead.

Bravo! Here we are in the midst of a whole regiment of guard-cossacks coming up at full gallop, and taking us along with them as the whirlwind does a feather,—where? Heaven knows. I hope not before the Polish squares.

"Ztupay! ztupay! Comradi!"* cried a voice from smidst a cloud of smoke. I knew it well. "Now or never!" thought I; and, wheeling to the right, we dashed straight through the guard-cossacks, accompanied by millions of curses, and at least a dozen of good byes from their pistols. I was in the presence of the Field-Marshal.

"Ztupay! Comradi!" exclaimed he.

"Your Excellency! despatches from Mother's Majesty."

"Ztupay! Comradi! † No time to read despatches; glory to our Mother and God. * St. Nicolas is great! Suwarrow fears not the rebels:" and kissing an image of his favourite saint which hung from his neck, he crossed himself with a grimace, gave his horse the spur, and galloped towards the Poles. We followed. The square stood without flinching. Wherever a man dropped, the very staff officers picked up his musket, and leaped into the gap—but, poor fellows! it was a desperate game.

"Ztupay! Comradi!" cried the shrill voice of the Field-Marshal once more, shriller than ever, and the guard-cossacks set on with a tremendous hurrah! The square is broken. Good night, Poland!

"Courier!"

"Your Excellency."

His Excellency turned round towards me, and looked for a moment into my face. "Bravo! Comrado—not afraid of powder? Suwarrow fears not the rebels." I had seen that plainly enough, for he had killed three Poles with his hand: and he now coolly drew his bloody sword along the palm, which he wiped on the sleeves of his uniform.

"Your name?" demanded he.

"Captain Count D——y."

"Who has sent you?"

"General Count R——n!"

"Who sent General R——n?"

Mother's Majesty." ‡

"Poh! General R——n don't like to smell powder. Heh? Suwarrow fears not the rebels. Heh? Swaty Nicolas § before Suwarrow, Suwarrow behind Swaty Nicolas, and behind Suwarrow his comrades. Good night, enemies!"

He broke open the autograph letter of the empress, ran over its contents, tore off a piece of the paper, and stretching out his hand for a pencil which the adjutant held in readiness, he wrote a few lines on the pummel of his saddle.

"*You* return to Mother," said he looking up, "not General R."

"But your Excellency?—"

"Who dares debate with Field Marshal Suwarrow?—what living man?"

His Excellency's face assumed a certain blood-red hue, which I had heard spoken of as an ominous sign; and I retreated a few steps. The tempest, however, passed away, and he calmly handed the scrap to the adjutant.

"Stay, Captain D——y," said he; "you like powder; you go, not General R."

I touched my hat, received from the aid-de-camp the scrap enveloped and sealed, galloped across the battle-field towards the burning Macejowice, showed my General the letter, told him the orders, and took my seat in his place after having handed him out of his own carriage, leaving him under the agreeable necessity of providing himself with another.

* * * *

"And you have left our good Suwarrow before Macejowice," said the Empress?

"The centre of the rebels was forced, and the right wing rolling up. On the left, four regiments still held out, of which I saw one broken. The battle was decided when I quitted the field...."

"You are again the bearer of our despatches, Colonel."

Three weeks had done more for me than the preceding three years. I was a Colonel at twenty years of age. I started for Poland, the bearer of the august will of her Majesty.

"Make haste, good D——y," admonished the august Mother; and I did make haste. It was exactly six days since I had left St. Petersburgh, and already the Vistula lay before me. I was within fifty wersts of Warsaw.

"All is quiet, milosti* officer, since yesterday morning," whispered the black-eyed Jewess, pointing down towards the banks of the Vistula, and handing me a tumbler with gorzalkat, the only beverage I had tasted since leaving Wilna.

My eye was fixed on a regiment of Cossacks, who came trotting up the hollow, laden as if they had plundered a whole country.

"What news?"

"Praga taken," said the dirty Hetman, pointing significantly to his throat. "We must on to Dobry; woe to the rebels!"

"Praga taken! mused I, with an involuntary shudder; but it saves ten wersts of my journey. The morning was cold, the ground frozen, the vault of heaven calm and blue. But away far over the borders of the Vistula hovered a wreath of thick heavy mist. Mist? It was the smoke arising from a chaotic mass, from which now and then a pal flame darted upwards. *That mass was Praga!*—the great fauxbourg of Warsaw, as the geographers say; what it really was, however, it would have been difficult to tell; for Suwarrow had passed through it! The road was strewn with broken ammunition carriages, wheels, cannons, dead and dying horses, in picturesque disorder. The musket and balls and dead soldiers were untouched even by the jews. I passed a score of the latter dangling from the door-posts of their brethren, the tavern-keepers, to serve as scare crows against further appropriation of imperial property. This must have been something like a battle, thought I. The bridge over the- what is its name?—is broken down; but they have laid the beams over the frozen bodies of men and horses, which now serve instead of arches. There now Praga should begin; but where is it? I can see nothing of Sapiehas, nothing of Vladimir street. It looks as though all had been blown into the air. Fragments of walls, black-burnt stones intermingled with thousands of carcasses of man and beast roasted into hideousness; and not a living being to be seen! The sound of my Stepanku's trumpet re-echoed fearfully in the empty hollow! Our very horses seemed troubled. Their manes bristled up, their ears and limbs trembled as if terror-stricken, and they gazed upon the objects at their feet shrinking and shivering.

Here begins something like a street, if a street it may be called. The houses doorless, windowless, nay roofless; the ways are choked up with the inhabitants: none living. Aye, truly, Suwarrow! thou art a glorious fellow! right willing to destroy more in one day than United Poland has raised in a thousand years.

There at last again life is seen: it is a picket of Cossacks stationed on the Vistula bridge. Even *they* are tired; for they have quitted the backs to lie under the bellies of their horses. Here we must cross, and let us cross hastily, for a spectacle is before us which should not be dwelt upon. The wearied Cossacks are still on duty; they are guarding about two thousand prisoners, men, women, and children—lying, sitting, and standing, on the Sigismund-place; some half-naked, some wholly naked, some wounded, others starving, and all freezing to death.

My escort halted. "Here his Excellency keeps head-quarters," said the corporal. I looked up—not a window was unbroken in the whole palace of the Diet. I alighted and entered; I cannot say through the gate, for there was none. The fore-hall, the court-yard, the staircase, were filled with officers of all grades and colours. Before the doorless antichamber stood another group of officers, of Cossacks of the Don, and the Ukraine, and uhlans and dragoons, grenadiers and cuirassiers, sleeping on straw. A large straputz ‡ in the next room, had the honour of being occupied by the adjutants, and some general and staff officers, and in the adjoining cabinet his Excellency was seen stretched on his bed of straw covered with a bearskin.

The adjutant-general went to announce me.

"Come in," cried the Field-Marshal.

I entered the room. It had neither door nor windows, but a broken china stove, the pieces of which lay scattered upon the floor, with rubbish and straw.

"From Mother?" cried the Field-Marshal, leaping from his bearskin, dusting his hat, and girding on his sword.

"Her Majesty has commanded me"—

"Ah! Captain D——y, am I right?

"Colonel, by the grace of her Majesty."

"Mother likes Suwarrow. Suwarrow fears no cold, no Poles, Mother will be satisfied - killed a good many—Cossacks have had a good day of it. Bravo, Colonel, you are going back again, Mother wants you immediately. We shall not detain you."§

Suwarrow shivered a little for he had no uniform on. His countenance was blood-shots. He black streaks and his eyes blood-shot. He seemed rather embarrassed, and having waved his hand, turned me abruptly out of the room. He looked like a murderer.

"His Excellency will not expect me to depart immediately," said I to the adjutant-general, Count G——y.

"Indeed, Colonel Count D——y, you must depart immediately. The despatches are ready and sealed."

I hastened down through the hetmans and colonels, captains, cossacks, and dragoons, wishing them with their leader at the devil.

"Stepanku turn round!"

We trotted towards the bridge, Ah! Og——y's palace! What a delightful ball there was here three years ago! And now? The provost general * and his myrmidons, with their hanging apparatus, are making their rounds. The great executioner stops before the house, looks and listens. He enters, and so must I, though his Excellency were at my heels. The provost applies his ear to the wall. The whole house is worse than waste. Every thing broken, torn, every where desolation, and filthiness—Russian filthiness. What is that? A spectre-like figure, gliding behind one of the columns of the entrance hall, into a side passage, seized by his long beard, as we are descending from the upper apartments.

"Ouiai!" whistled the pale, death-like Hebrew, with a breath too feeble to blow out a candle. "Milosti officer, I am innocent!"

"We shall see—"

One of the executioners dragged him along the marble pavement, and we descended.

"Perhaps, provost, I may be of some use as a guide, for I know the house—I am Colonel D——y, courier to her Majesty," said I, to prevent unnecessary delay.

The Russian dialect, slavish enough, as is well known, had not sufficient words to express the obsequiousness of the provost, and he followed with a curved back. We entered the servants' apartment. There they lay—three, six, eight—men and women, promiscuously—all dead, all mangled, the apartment flowing with blood—articles of dress, gold, silver, plate, were scattered here and there.

"The blood is fresh," said the provost "but where are the men?"

I opened a door which communicated with the upper apartments by a secret passage. Suddenly we heard a loud snoring, which proceeded from three Cossacks who were sitting squatted on their hams, stupified with drinking.

"Dobra gorzalka," stammered one of them, an officer. A couple of lashes with the knout made him rise from his seat—that seat was a dead body. "Have you not heard the rallying signal?—Why have you not joined yourpulk?"

"Pulk? Pulk?" stammered the men.

"Take all the three," said the provost.

The Cossacks, who had become sober at once, ran out into the kitchen, and opening the iron door of the stove, disclosed three Hebrews, intending them, no doubt, to serve as scapegoats for themselves.

"Take them also!" said the provost.

The passage led into the upper apartments. The secret cabinet on the right side—yes, I remember it. But what have we here? It is Og——y, pierced by numberless wounds, his eyes glazed, his hands cold, lying before the very door where he had fallen in the defence of his household gods.

I opened the door. Heavenly powers! the Countess lying dead in the middle of the room—at her side a child—a new-born child—alive!

Ten minutes were gone—I caught up the boy threw him upon a pillow, and ran down the stairs as if I had been hunted by the Cossacks.

When I stepped into my carriage, I beheld, on turning round, the three Cossacks, with twice as many Jews, dangling from the iron bars of the window. This was so far satisfactory.

"But now drive on, Stepanku,—fast on—go on for life and death: 'tis fifty miles out of my way—a day's ride. It may cost my life—yet the last hope of one of the noblest houses of Poland deserves a sacrifice." Happily I remembered Abraham's wife, who had handed us the last tumbler of brandy. She was nursing her child. She must along with me—I again took a glass—my Stepanku threw her into the carriage, and on we went—the children crying and screaming at the sudden disappearance of their mother. After twelve hours' desperate riding, I had delivered my charge over to Count Z——y, hunted two of his best horses dead, and found myself again on the road to St. Petersburgh. My head was in danger—I knew it. Humanity is but a poor advocate with our gracious tsar Katinka.

* * * *

Just as I expected. Our gracious Mother looked a little oddly when I stepped into her august presence. Behind her stood General R——n, with so courtly a smile of satisfaction hovering upon his lips, that I knew at once how matters stood.

"Our good Suwarrow is well?" said her Majesty.

I bowed.

"You left Warsaw on the ninth—we have an express of the tenth. You thought fit, it seems, to serve the family of a Polish rebel before serving your Empress! You are dismissed!".....

When I left the imperial apartment, Major G. had the kindness to tell me that I was under arrest. When I arrived before my house a pritschka, with three horses, stood ready. I knew then my destination—Tobolsk—Irkutsk—perhaps Kamtschatka—but it was Tobolsk. I shot sables there for two years, was recalled, graciously received, and advised to take care for the future.

Happily, however, Baron W——ch, the imperial body physician, was the friend of my family, and he being of opinion that I could not well stand the air and climate of St. Petersburgh, I received permission to travel—of which I have now been availing myself these twenty years.

---

* The battle which decided the fate of Poland in 1794.

† The Suburb of Warsaw.

‡ The Russian grenadier's cap of this time was of a singular form, and not unlike the mitre of the Catholic bishops. Instead of the bearskin, it was decorated with a brass escutcheon of the imperial arms in relief.

* "Ztupay! Comradi"—the favourite expression of Suwarrow when attacking. "Forward! comrades!"

† "Glory to our Mother and God"—the expression used by Suwarrow. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that there is no exaggeration in the picture of this man. It is drawn to the life.

‡ "Mother,"—thus Suwarrow and the Russians used to call Catherine II.

§ Saint Nicolas.

* *Milosti*, gracious.

† *Gorzalka*, brandy.

‡ Straw spread on the ground and covered with any thing, so as to render it a substitute for a bed.

§ The very words used by Suwarrow.

* Provost-general, an office now abolished. He combined in his own person the jurisdiction of the court martial, and had the *jus gladii* in its utmost extent, so as to be allowed to order an immediate execution.

BOMBAY.—Printed and Published for the PROPRIETORS by SREEKRISHNA JAGONNATHJEE, at the Courier Press, No 7, Bell-lane, where all communications addressed to the EDITOR, are received.